

THE *Nation*

MARCH 31, 1956

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ROBERT MOSES King Of Babylon

by David Cort



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Letters

The Case for Deterrence

Dear Sirs: I have just read Billions for Insecurity by Matthew Josephson in your issue of January 28. Although I would agree with the title, the facts on which he bases his analysis are wrong, incomplete or irrelevant, and I believe that his conclusions are false.

I shall not quarrel with his statements about high cost and waste. There have been plenty of costly mistakes, but they are not in themselves the basic reason for insecurity. What do the "hundreds of obsolete planes" moldering on the desert have to do with the argument? These planes would be significant only if they could replace the new planes being ordered. The B-36 was, of course, a mistake—though an honest one. It was still not capable of competing with jets. Moreover the necessary crew was large whereas a modern B-52 requires but three.

The author complains about the rise in cost of our military effort. Modern jets are expensive! But anyone who claims that our current military program is a "public-works program in disguise" doesn't know the facts. Of course, government funds directly affect the economy, however they are expended. But "disguise" implies concealment. Surely no one can argue that our military program is a deliberate substitute for public works, at home or abroad. If the author really believes that spending equivalent sums for raising living standards elsewhere can promote security more effectively than building a military machine, he should bring forth facts to substantiate his view. I doubt very much that such spending would discourage the expansionist tendencies of our opponents, or wring from them more than expressions of disapproval similar to those provoked by the Marshall Plan.

The author's statements concerning our vulnerability to attack are, unfortunately, all too true, even though he somewhat confuses the roles of offense and defense. He implies that if we had listened to those who advocated ground-to-air defense as a substitute for the big bombers, we would now be relatively safe from attack. His argument might be a little more convincing if his authorities did not include some of the advisors who argued against the "crash program" for the production of the H-bomb.

But what are the facts? The effectiveness of our ground-to-air defense falls far short of the stated 10 per cent

level of effectiveness over the enormous perimeter of our boundaries. To encircle our country with an air wall having 90 per cent effectiveness would require spending many times greater than our current spending, which the author decries. And what would we have then? Of 1,000 enemy planes, one hundred would still get through to drop H-bombs on a hundred U. S. cities and military targets. Even then, such a record of defense is unbelievably optimistic. The best service that such a ring could perform is that of early warning to notify our Strategic Air Command that the "whistle has blown."

If such an event should occur, let us hope that our striking force is better set than it is today to deliver the counter blow. For it is well known that the SAC, despite the "salesmanship" of General Curtis LeMay, does not receive the support it deserves, largely because of unwarranted interservice competition. We are basing our current strategy on the misconception that we must provide for a long war, when in fact the first few days, based wholly on air action, will determine the eventual victor. Until we have reliable intercontinental ballistic missiles in large numbers, we must support the SAC. And this support should consist of more than jet bombers and jet tankers to refuel them in flight. We need still more good bases, for diversification; we must provide attractive living quarters for the airmen, both single and married, close to the bases. We must keep the fleet manned and ready for instantaneous action. And, above all, we must provide salaries and other incentives that will improve the percentage of reenlistments. Such a program would actually save money, in view of the cost of training air men for replacements.

Few people will subscribe to the author's basic conclusion that "warrior-bureaucrats and experts-in-destruction" are responsible for prolonging the cold war for profit. If the author believes this to be true, why should not these same exponents of the "permanent defense boom" subscribe to the program of ground-to-air defense he advocates, since it would multiply government spending by a large factor?

Whether we like it or not, the intercontinental situation is critical and it is not easy to find an answer. If hindsight should prove that a better State Department policy during the past ten years would have provided us with a higher degree of security, we are none the less faced with the situation

in 1956. Let us recognize that there is still no satisfactory defense against the modern jet except the deterrent force of being able to deliver an effective counter blow at moment's notice. The only present way of delivering that blow is through the Strategic Air Command. Ground troops and navy—even aircraft carriers—will play only a minor part.

DONALD H. MENZEL
Director, Harvard College
Observatory

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Josephson's Reply

Dear Sirs: Dr. Menzel has provided us with the emotional apologia for the big-bomber general's strategy of the season-before-the-last: massive deterrence by air offensive with nuclear missiles. (Even John Foster Dulles has given up on that one, according to his latest statements on the military-technological stalemate.) Surely Dr. Menzel might use a little more of the spirit of logic: he agrees with the main contention in my articles that we have wastefully spent billions and gotten only insecurity, and that America has been, up to recently, without any real defense against air-atomic attack; yet he holds that my facts and the analysis of them—from which these admittedly correct conclusions are drawn—are "irrelevant" and "false." My facts have all been compiled from official records and from the testimony of the military professions, such as Admiral Radford, Field Marshal

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Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

Harold Clurman, Theatre
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Martin Solow, Assistant to the Publisher

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

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The Heart of the Matter . . by Carey McWilliams

IF WORDS could be taken at face value, then one could say that the American people have suddenly achieved a remarkable unanimity of views on the social revolution that is under way in the South. From right to left, North to South, politicians are battling for possession of the right verbalisms. Everyone is "against violence," Senator Eastland no less than President Eisenhower. Everyone denounces "extremists"; the middle position has become so crowded that standing room only signs have been posted. The words "gradual" and "moderate" have acquired magical properties. Everyone agrees, too, that a region's sacred way of life is not to be changed "overnight" but the date of the Emancipation Proclamation seems to have been forgotten. A hundred Democrats in Congress issue a manifesto against desegregation, yet we are gravely admonished that the issue must be kept "out of politics."

A remarkable spectacle, this. It is as though, caught in the glare of the world's spotlight, we were afraid to make public acknowledgement of the fact that some Americans—a clear majority in our view—feel that the time has come to eliminate the national disgrace of Jim Crow whereas a vocal minority disagrees. Our pious but rather childish hope would seem to be that if everyone will only continue to voice the "right" sentiments, everything will be just peachy down South and elsewhere. And if the right words are used—if the prescribed laws of semantics are observed—no questions will be asked. For example, the *Wall Street Journal* finds that the Dixiecrat Manifesto is a proper and reasoned protest because "the words are not inflammatory"; the tone is not that of a "gallused demagogue."

The fact is, of course, that the gallused demagogues of the South were delighted with the manifesto; it provides official sanction for their rough stuff. Those who deplore "violence" have overlooked the fact, noted by Joseph C. Harsch in the *Christian Science Monitor*, that the manifesto stopped just short of being revolutionary. It is, indeed, a dangerous statement. It will aggravate tensions. It may well lead to violence. And it will encourage evasion if not outright defiance of the Supreme Court's decision, for obviously there is no lawful way to disobey the law. Buoyed up by the defiant tone of the manifesto, Mr. David Lawrence writes that integration is now "a long way off—years and years and maybe never." If Negroes continue to believe that the court's decision will win eventual acceptance in the South, it will not be because they were reassured by

the hundred or more signers of the manifesto. These signers observe, of the decision, that it "planted hatred and suspicion where there has been heretofore friendship and understanding . . . destroying the amicable relations" that had prevailed between Negro and white in the South. I have news for these gentlemen: Southern Negroes do not regard these relations as amicable or, for that matter, tolerable.

Opinion leaders generally seem to have overlooked the clear political import of the manifesto. It was not released, for example, until after the President had announced that he would seek re-election. Of greater significance is the related fact that the Supreme Court's decision of May 17, 1954, aroused little hostility at the time, particularly in Virginia, a key state in the current "insurrection." Writing in the *Washington Post* (March 11), Benjamin Muse makes it quite clear that open opposition did not develop in Virginia until after the Byrd machine, for reasons of its own, had decided to buck desegregation. Any number of communities had actually started to set up integration programs. "A nod from Byrd," writes Mr. Muse, "would have headed Virginia in a different direction. . . . But Senator Byrd and his organization chose otherwise. The voices of moderation which were heard in May, 1954, were quickly hushed. They did not represent authentic organization policy." And soon the counter-attack appeared. "From then on," writes Mr. Muse, "fulminations against the Supreme Court were not emotional indiscretion. Appeals to racial prejudices were not irresponsible demagoguery. They are a part of the established policy of the Commonwealth" (my emphasis). The manifesto, in other words, does not represent moderate opinion in the South; it may well have silenced this opinion. Only the words are non-inflammatory.

IN the current context, therefore, words like "gradual" and "moderate" have a stunning irrelevance. Neither word can be used to measure progress unless the ultimate goal is clearly defined and a timetable suggested for its achievement. And, as Mr. Lippman has pointed out, "how slowly can we go without nullifying the Constitution?" The last affirmative action taken by Congress with specific reference to the elimination of Jim Crow was the adoption of the original Civil Rights Act in the 1870's. The Supreme Court, which has now told the South to integrate its school systems with "all

deliberate speed," sanctioned Jim Crow discriminations for nearly a hundred years. Under the circumstances, a special burden rests on the proponents of gradualism to present a program and a timetable. Negroes who are being asked to exhibit restraint and moderation must find it particularly irritating to note that those who offer them this heavy daily diet of advice could not muster enough moral courage and energy to block the appointment of Senator Eastland as chairman of the key Senate Judiciary Committee. Despite gallant last-minute efforts by Senators Lehman and Morse, the appointment was approved without serious debate or a roll call vote and theirs were the only "audible" voices raised in protest. And how many of those who have urged moderation spoke out against the mob violence in Tuscaloosa or protested the incidents in Montgomery?

AMONG the factors inhibiting the free expression of genuine moral indignation on this basic American dilemma is a feeling of guilt which is nearly universal. "Before we cast a stone at Alabama," Mr. Stevenson tells us—the statement was made, it will be noted, in Minnesota—"it might be well for those of us who live in some of the great Northern cities to ask ourselves, in candor, how the Negro minority is faring in our own communities." A good suggestion, no doubt, but neither timely nor apposite. The stones, right now, are being cast in Alabama. As the New York Diocese of the Episcopal Church pointed out, in rejecting a similar suggestion from Bishop Henry I. Louttit of Florida, it is unreasonable to assume that only those who live in a perfect society should be entitled to comment on evil elsewhere. Besides, where human rights are involved the nation is one community, there is no North or South. The Constitution is not a document to be accepted or rejected by each locality as it deems fit. Nor can the Dixiecrats be heard to say that "outsiders"

are interfering in the region's affairs when those in the South who favor integration are being silenced.

"What is the substance of the situation?" asked Senator Lehman in his fine speech replying to the Dixiecrat Manifesto. "The substance is that a vast number of people in the Southern states were and are being denied the equal protection of the laws, and were being set apart, and treated as pariahs in our society in access to public facilities supported by general tax revenues. Who can possibly justify the continuation, for one needless moment, of this intolerable discrimination, of this oppression?" This is, indeed, the heart of the matter. Using the right words won't lift the burden Jim Crow imposes on the conscience of every American. No one advocates violence and everyone favors moderation; but let's abandon the childish pretense that by mouthing platitudes we can escape the obligation to honor the concept of equal justice embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment.

A Man Nobody Knows

IN MEASURING the magnitude of the disaster which has overtaken Adlai Stevenson in Minnesota, the marked advantages which he enjoyed must be emphasized. The entire state organization supported him, including Governor Freeman, Lieutenant-Governor Rolvaag, Attorney General Lord, Senator Humphrey and Congressmen Blatnik and McCarthy. The state's leading Republican newspaper—the Cowles-owned Minneapolis *Tribune*—endorsed him. His campaign was lavishly financed; with state-wide television hookups, student rallies, teas, coffee klatsches and smorgasbords. In short he had every advantage and still he lost.

The various explanations of the disaster which have been offered are not impressive. The theory that mischievous Republicans wanted to eliminate Mr. Stevenson as "the strongest Democratic nominee" may be true but it is not convincing. The polls showed a strong upsurge of Kefauver sentiment in the ranks of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. The explanations that we have seen relate, for the most part, to purely secondary factors. Nor was Minnesota, in our view, a special case; it merely dramatizes the weakness of Mr. Stevenson's current position.

In 1952 Mr. Stevenson, with the aid of a few amateurs, developed a new political style that was immensely refreshing. Now he is flanked by professional advisors and, somehow, he has not seemed to be his old self. Being "corny," in the current phrase, comes naturally to most politicians; when Mr. Stevenson attempts to be less forthright, he is ill at ease and therefore unconvincing. It was in part because the editors of *The Nation* sensed this change, and were disappointed by it, that we suggested some weeks back that liberals should not be in any hurry to jump aboard the Stevenson "bandwagon." Mr. Stevenson's current problem is that he has become "the man nobody knows."

NEXT WEEK

An Appreciation of FDR
on the eleventh anniversary of his death
by Rexford Guy Tugwell

Three Minutes From War
Life in an Israel border village
by Dan Wakefield

APRIL 21 ISSUE

The Drug Addict
A police or a medical problem?
by Alfred R. Lindemith

Even so, the Minnesota disaster need not be fatal to him. But it will be unless Mr. Stevenson, without delay, discards his current script, throws "caution" and "moderation" to the winds and starts addressing his appeal to the highest moral values of the American people. Let him act and speak as though he had concluded that he had not a chance in the world of winning the Democratic nomination, much less of being elected President. Let him speak with full realization that his party is confronted with one of the most serious crises in its history. Let him say that he would not *want* the nomination if he had to accept Dixiecrat votes to win it. He did not win their support in 1952; he will not win it in 1956. He should realize, too, that the heavy Ke-

fauver vote in Minnesota was in large part a general protest by all kinds of voters who, collectively, resent being treated as a vast TV "audience" and insist on being recognized as citizens. Too many political leaders, Mr. Stevenson in particular, have lost touch with the people. Seven years of cold-war politics, by freezing political attitudes, have disrupted the normal give-and-take between voters and candidates. The people want someone to voice the new sentiments and aspirations that have been germinating through the long winter of the last seven years. Mr. Stevenson should listen to them; he should try to sense their feelings. This is only another way of saying that he should listen less to his advisors and start communing more with himself.

ROBERT MOSES:

King of Babylon . . by David Cort

[Robert Moses has been making headlines in New York papers for a quarter-century and more. There is no doubt that he has built more miles of parks, tunnels, bridges and highways in the New York metropolitan area than any man in history. The case for this indefatigable builder has been presented many times in many publications—including this one, way back in 1934. But there is another side to the story, and here it is.—The Editors.]

THE AUTONOMOUS government of Robert Moses, who has never been elected to anything, is richer and more powerful than a good many nations and several Western states. Though its authority rests only on thirty years of appointments and re-appointments by New York mayors and governors, it is oddly free of the customary American system of checks and balances. It issues its own revenue bonds. It collects its own taxes in the form of tolls. It raises its own uniformed army. Within the huge ramifications of its various spheres, it is one-man government nearly as absolute as a Latin American dictator's, openly based on the same proposition that always makes dictatorship "necessary": that every-

body else is an idiot or a scoundrel.

Robert Moses' considered opinions of his fellow citizens are given in his current book, *Working for the People* (Harper's), in the list of people he is against: "demagogues," "crackpots," "party bosses," "radical unionists," "ignorant editors," "reactionary tycoons," "uplifters," "reformers," "do-gooders," "taxpayers' groups," "eager-beaver political amateurs," "visionary planners," "sociologists," "ultra-modern, long-haired designers," "federal planners," "partisans," "enthusiasts," "state planning bodies," "virulent, vicious trouble-makers," "irresponsible mudslingers," "doleful bankers," "muckraking commentators," "civic secretaries," "sour critics," "Lewis Mumford, Frank Lloyd Wright and their followers," and "goon union leaders."

Deduct all these from the population. What remains are Moses men and of course Moses. It is obvious that Moses is indispensable.

THE people's desperate need for Robert Moses is revealed less by the list of his offices than by the offices he never bothers to visit. On the important New York City Planning Commission, one member says that Moses attends "darn few" meetings, another says "none in eight years." As Coordinator of Construction, he cannot very well get into his office, which is listed as Post Office Box 35,

Triborough Station, New York 35. The *New Yorker* magazine has reported that he never goes to his office at the Arsenal in Central Park where as New York City Park Commissioner he is supposed to earn the only salary, \$25,000, he is credited with collecting. But there is no doubt that he has a real talent for absentee administration.

The real Moses consolidation of powers only begins to be visible at his Babylon, Long Island, office on the former Belmont estate, where he is dictator-president of the Long Island State Park Commission and dictator-chairman of the Jones Beach State Parkway and Bethpage Park Auditorium. In the warm months these latter yield substantial revenues to the Moses empire. During those months, Moses puts in a Thursday-to-Monday weekend at the Babylon office (he lives nearby in the summer), surrounded by his certificates of appointment and the tiny silver trowels that memorialize old triumphs. But at Babylon the curious and awed investigator has not yet really caught up with Moses.

The big-power ganglions feed in to still another office, tucked away on Randalls Island in New York's East River. Here Moses is dictator-chairman of the consolidated Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. This fuzzy title conceals the fact that this office runs and collects

DAVID CORT, formerly a Time-Life editor, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

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tolls and revenue from not only the Triborough Bridge, but also the Henry Hudson Bridge, Whitestone Bridge, Cross Bay Parkway Bridge, Marine Parkway Bridge, the Midtown Tunnel and Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel and garage. These great properties are currently out of the control of the people of New York, though by paying tribute they may have the use of them.

The Triborough Authority has a new and somewhat baffling enterprise—the housing and convention-hall development known as the Coliseum on Columbus Circle in the heart of New York City. The reason for the Coliseum's hiding under the Triborough's ample wing may be that by that dodge Moses would not have to submit the plans to the city art commission, a capable and patriotic body which probably falls under the heading of several of the epithets listed above. Though the art commission has legal jurisdiction over buildings on city land, the plans actually were never submitted. However, even the majestic Triborough Authority is dwarfed by new dreams of empire.

THE latest expansion is heralded by the new function of still another Moses office—at 270 Broadway, New York, which formerly served only the dictator-chairman of the State Council of Parks. In 1954 Moses became dictator-chairman of the New York State Power Authority, charged with redesigning Niagara Falls and the Saint Lawrence River. Its office promptly moved to 270 Broadway. From here is conducted his major current fight. From here he expelled from the Power Authority the unsympathetic trustees and substituted his own men, conspicuously aged William Wilson. The names of Moses men—Wilson, Howland, Blakelock, Chapin—are likely to appear in the interlocking units of the empire as the “virulent, vicious troublemakers” disappear.

The prospect of Moses, unsupervised, unchecked and unaudited, running wild with Niagara Falls and the great Saint Lawrence River is, to put it quickly, disquieting. He announces in his new book that he expects to flood a certain amount of the St. Lawrence shore and sell power to the Aluminum Company of America under a contract that in the view of some experts conceded

far too much to ALCOA. While tapping a great economic potential, Moses is in an unassailable position to ruin some of the most beautiful and most widely appreciated country in North America. In any case it will forevermore look like Moses. As the poet Melville Cane has written:

The bird who in the waning light
Was wont to call: “Bob White! Bob White!”

Now cries instead: “Bob Moses!”

Power, in the hydroelectric sense, is a new field for Moses but he is conducting this new fight for power, in the older sense, along his customary lines. These range from violent bluff, “or else” threats, a publicity barrage against politicians, do-gooders and greedy private interests, to protestations of unselfish humility and insidious infiltration. As usual, he asks for no salary. As usual, he asks only to be allowed to give the people the benefit of his rightness. After the job is finished and the income and power begin to roll in, the man in possession is Robert Moses; and he stays and stays and stays. He pocketed parks in 1924, bridges in 1934, tunnels in 1945; he has never unpocketed anything.

An example is the Triborough Bridge. It was opened in July, 1936, with a promise that tolls would cease when the bridge was paid for. It had been built, “at relatively small cost to the city,” on a Roosevelt-Ickes PWA loan of \$44,000,000—rewarded with a stream of Moses insults at Roosevelt and Ickes. I don't profess to understand book-keeping but the announced construction-fund balance and receipts in 1938 added up to \$25,000,000. Just about the week this is published, the total of toll collections on the Triborough Bridge alone will be passing \$100,000,000 for the twenty-year period. It is now running at the rate of nearly \$12,000,000 a year. The whole Authority's income is about three times that every year. But in 1953, it was announced that the bridge tolls would be pledged for nine years to the end that “the crossings can be returned to New York City by 1973.” I don't know



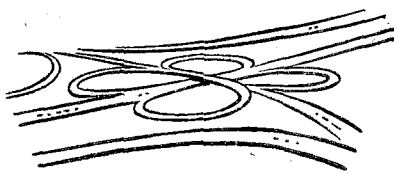
what this means, but I don't believe any part of it.

At a Marine Parkway Bridge opening at Riis Park on July 3, 1937, Moses responded to the usual compliments by saying that he didn't yet understand the true nature of the five Authorities he then directed, “but they are great for getting things done.” He evidently understands them better now. They are great for getting all sorts of things done, some of them a surprise to the people who give Moses the jobs.

THE “Authority” as a device in government is, to say the least, interesting. It is essentially an escape-hatch from political-constitutional government which is always limited in the jobs it may undertake and the revenue bonds it may issue in a given year. With every such undertaking, Presidents, governors and mayors find themselves harried by all sorts of people and interests. The Authority, on the other hand, is on its own. Some lawyers even contend that New York police have no jurisdiction on Moses territory, such as the Triborough Bridge. It is a state within a state and, as Moses quickly noticed, “great for getting things done”—without anybody's noticing until it is too late. After the job is done, it is easy and even logical for the Authority chairman to hang on indefinitely. If he is smart, he can pledge the revenues to issue new bonds to finance new enterprises and Authorities which will produce new revenues to pay the interest on new bond issues for still more enterprises and authorities, and so on.

The arguments in favor of the Authority system never entirely escape the Fascist-Communist assumption that ordinary, democratic, political operations are unavoidably incompetent and wasteful. The authoritarian ring in the word, Authority, belongs there.

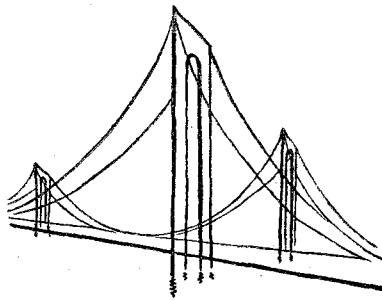
The legend that every thing the Authority and Moses have done is



good is as solidly established as home-made bread. No complete survey will be attempted here. But it will be instructive to notice some things he has wanted to do. He wanted to slap a bridge over the Narrows at the entrance to New York harbor. He wanted to throw a bridge from the Battery to Brooklyn because he "knew" that a tunnel was impossible and undesirable. (He finally had to build—and now takes credit for—the tunnel.) In general, Moses much prefers "improvements" that are highly visible; hence, tunnels are at a discount in his book. He still champions a preposterous plan to throw an elevated express highway right across the heart of Manhattan around 34th Street, presumably so that motorists from the West, headed for Long Island, can avoid the George Washington Bridge, which does not belong to Moses. The beauty of this plan is that it will get in the way of and be visible to more people more often than anything Moses has done yet. That makes it compulsive.

MOSES has indeed gotten things done, and so have hundreds and thousands of other agencies in the United States. "Irresponsible mudslingers" criticize everything Moses has done. They say that his highways, compared to Connecticut's or New Jersey's, are not quite wide enough, are constantly under repair and are not in the right places. They point out that the Henry Hudson Parkway, instead of taking an obvious route through the Kingsbridge shacktown which is still there, went out of its way to destroy the few remaining stately homes in Riverdale. (Perhaps Moses thought it would be more visible there.) They say the Coliseum will have no halls big enough to accommodate any convention much larger than a Moses family party. They say the Washington Square Southeast project will put out of business 1,000 small businesses which will not be able to find comparable space. And so on. In all these matters I would guess that Moses could put up an equally impressive argument.

Something less debatable would be the character behind the Authority. When the Battery Tunnel was under debate in the New York Board of Estimate, Moses announced as fact that the old Aquarium, a



famous New York landmark, would have to go for two reasons: first, the blasting for the tunnel would crumple the Aquarium; and second, a necessary tunnel under a corner of the Aquarium was impossible because of its weight. The tunnel was built; the Aquarium is still there (as a federal monument, but without fish) sitting on top of a tunnel. It was in no way involved in the construction of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. Furthermore, the old Aquarium was ideally located and drew over two million visitors a year. Moses promised a new aquarium with fish at Coney Island, at no cost to the city; but if one is ever completed, it is now clear that it will cost the city several millions and the new York Zoological Society several more.

This fairly unimportant incident reveals several important things about the character behind the Authority. While getting one big thing done in the usual big way, he likes to put himself into position to accomplish a few other things—and he wanted the Aquarium at Coney Island. There may be a third point—that whenever Moses discovers that a thing is loved by people, he feels emotionally driven to move it or improve it. The Aquarium was popular; furthermore it was a favorite subject for the *New Yorker* magazine. Even though that magazine has given Moses unquestioning adulation (most recently by Lewis Mumford this year), its liking the Aquarium gave that institution an esoteric status that doomed it. A fourth point, often noted, is that Moses, who has a voice in all New York's museums and zoos, has never shown any interest in the exhibits. He doesn't care what people care about; he just wants to usher them into clean toilets.

There is no easy way of finding out whether his motives are good or bad toward the people of New York. But it may be helpful to observe

how Moses treats what he himself, personally, as a landowner and family man, loves.

In other words, what has he done with his own summer home in Babylon? The answer is that he has let it alone. It is an unpretentious, shingled house in the village of Babylon. It backs on a little creek leading out of Great South Bay. It is not oversupplied with toilets and facilities. The grounds have not been torn up, earth moved, concreted. It would seem as if this is the only land in his vast domain that Moses does not want to lay hands on.

Moses is described as generally behaving as if he felt out of things. His characteristic facial expressions have been listed as "Babylonian King at bay," "Babylonian King being sued for mercy," "Babylonian King graciously offering the poisoned cup." The reason for these impressions seems to be a fixed look of noble suffering, a little as if he smelled something burning but didn't want to mention it. If one must pick a Babylonian King to rank on even terms with Moses, it would have to be Nebuchednezzar II, who threw a grid of canals—the expressways of that time—across the country and built Babylon into a "wonder of the world." He also tore down Jerusalem. Soon after Nebuchednezzar, Babylon's history ends.

MOSES' present Power Authority fight reminds one of the New Deal days when he thanked Roosevelt and Ickes for the Triborough Bridge with torrents of invective. Now the U. S. Congress is the object of his attack, even as it considers whether to give the development of Niagara Falls to the Authority of Moses. His claim is that Congress is wrong in claiming, under the treaty with Canada, that it has the right to dispose of the job. Moses claims that the job is the Federal Power Commission's, with preference given to the Authority of Moses, and he has legal opinions to prove it.

Not unnaturally, Senator Herbert Lehman reproached Moses for this "unwise tactic." That was on January 2. Next day Moses, considered by the *New Yorker* a "glittering conversationalist," came back with this broadside: "Senator Lehman says... 'unwise tactic.'... We printed the [legal] opinion, as a matter of necessary public information. We did not

procure it." (This sentence need not be taken literally.) "How can Senator Lehman say this is an unwise tactic? The Senator should consult his dictionary and book of synonyms. A tactic in this context is a little game or expedient." (But not in the Unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary.) "We are playing no game."

It almost sounds as if Moses were about to claim the right to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, levy war and insure domestic tranquility.

An indication that Moses may be slipping came late last year in his acceptance of helpless defeat on a wild plan to put a high fence around migrating birds' favorite Central Park hilltop so that old folks (who couldn't possibly have climbed the hill) could play checkers in peace. In the course of this small battle, the general fear of Moses' powers of persecution silenced every official in the following organizations, which were all opposed to the plan:

American Museum of Natural History
New York Zoological Society
Audubon Society
New York Park Association
Institute of Landscape Architects.

The bird-watchers, Moses had discovered, loved the hill-top called The Ramble, but the protest against his plan was on much wider grounds and finally included officials of the Garden Clubs and the Municipal Art Society. Faced with these minute slings, the Goliath retired from the field.

Another recent bell tolled in the New York State Assembly where a bill was introduced—*lese majesté!*—to supervise Moses on the Triborough Authority. A single skirmish of Moses threats and insults was enough to send the bill back to committee. A little public outcry should be enough to get it back on the floor of the assembly. Perhaps soon after, Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner might consider lightening the load they have heaped on Robert Moses, unless they claim they can find no other single able man in this great republic. If they can't, there is nothing else to do but make Moses dictator in name as well as fact.

I conclude that city civilization—the mingled lives of millions of people—offends him as a putrid enor-

mity. He thinks of his public works as great cemeteries of death or great hospitals for the dying. He might have made a wonderful surgeon—or undertaker. He is especially happy with sick land, desolate dumps and sand spits, slums and wastes, as he points out in his new book. His highway system may be regarded as a calcified skeleton superseding the living tissue it was designed to support. If he were allowed to "complete" his work, we may imagine a magnificent, silent concrete mausoleum spreading from a monstrous

bridge at the Narrows to the drowned Saint Lawrence valley, saving only a little patch of life at Babylon.

Any such reading of the Moses character does not by any means disqualify him from building a road or bridge under public supervision. But it might say something about whether he is precisely the ideal man to plan the American way of life.

I will add my own personal intuition about Moses. I believe he is one of those numerous indefatigable workers who really hate their work.

New Delhi's Swinging Door

By Elisabeth Partridge

New Delhi

THE PLUMS of neutrality are now dropping into Mr. Nehru's lap. Within ten days the foreign ministers of the Western Big Three queued here for talks either before or after their SEATO deliberations in Karachi. And in July, at Mr. Dulles' invitation, Nehru visits Washington.

To say that Mr. Nehru's neutrality is based on Gandhian moral principles is only half the truth. It is also good horse sense, since India shares 2,000 miles of frontiers with the Communist bloc. In fact his neutrality crystallized sharply after the Chinese *coup* in Tibet. A later refinement was the addition of the word "dynamic," which distinguishes it from the Swiss brand of passive neutrality.

Since the Tibetan *coup*, the main objective of his foreign policy has been to extend this neutrality, sometimes called the area of peace, as widely as possible. Carried to its logical conclusion, the policy calls for neutrality of the whole world, including the two power blocs. That this is not immediately practiced—with American military alliances answering the Kremlin's bid for world domination—doesn't discourage him from trying.

Nehru's first major failure in his attempts to extend this neutrality came when Pakistan signed an arms agreement with the United States and later joined SEATO and the Baghdad Pact. In condemning these moves, Mr. Nehru brushed aside the

fact that partition had left Pakistan with a geographical impossibility, a gigantic inferiority complex vis-à-vis India and the feeling that Kashmir will only be gained by force. Even so, the Premier was right eighteen months ago when he anticipated that the Pakistan arms agreement would bring cold-war tensions to the subcontinent.

Indo-Pakistan hostility has now sharply increased. To counteract the Soviet leaders' support for India's position on Kashmir, Pakistan has enlisted the aid of SEATO. Now that modern American arms are reaching Pakistan, a primitive fear is growing here that they will be used aggressively against India, particularly in Kashmir. Mr. Dulles' assurance that Washington would extend support to India in the event of Pakistani aggression cuts no ice here. *How?* is the question most Indians ask. There is no American task force in the vicinity and time would be on the side of the aggressors. So India is increasing its defense budget which already constitutes 49 per cent of her central revenues. She is also considering the purchase of Russian planes and equipment. The situation could well develop into another Arab-Israeli arms race.

SUCH a race, apart from the war danger involved, would have disastrous consequences. Unless India's energies and resources go into the second Five-Year Plan, democracy will lose out to communism in the race to raise living standards not only in India but elsewhere in Asia.

But although Nehru has failed to

ELISABETH PARTRIDGE is on the staff of the New Times of India.

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sell neutrality to neighboring Pakistan, he is succeeding elsewhere. Largely because of his opposition, SEATO remains unrealistic (it could hardly be otherwise without the largest nation in Southeast Asia) and its Western sponsors have failed to put teeth into it. The ill-advised

Baghdad Pact is also crumbling largely because of Nehru's opposition.

Nowadays there are signs that when India's Premier speaks of neutrality, he speaks for an increasing number of people in Asia, the Middle East and in Europe, too, who are

impatient with power-bloc politics. The time for "talking down" to less well-endowed, less technically-skilled peoples is over. Until that attitude of mind—mainly identified with the United States and Britain—is changed, Mr. Nehru's neutrality will grow in stature and attraction.

OUT OF DARKNESS

Light on a Dark Mind . . . by Lucy Freeman

THE YOUNG woman had refused to say one word for months. When she first sat opposite the psychiatrist he said, "Doris, I'm your doctor. And you and I will meet together three times a week. This is your time. You can do whatever you want. If you want to be quiet, that's fine. If you want to talk, that's fine with me, too."

She twisted her lips, looked around the room nervously. Then she lit a cigarette. She chose not to talk. But her eyes, large and expressive, spoke for her and they told of fear and distrust and anger.

Once, during the first thirteen weeks she saw the doctor, she deigned to pick up the comb he had taken out of his pocket and given her when she patted her untidy hair, and she ran the comb slowly through her straight, dark hair. Once, too, she accepted his hand, offered in friendship. But she still said not a word; she was as mute as the day she was brought to the hospital by a husband frightened at seeing a wife who once laughed and sang around the house suddenly turn into a morose woman who recognized no one and would not speak.

Then on the thirteenth week, gaining enough trust in the psychiatrist, a man who spoke to her gently, Doris looked wistfully at his pearl cuff links, unclasped one from

his shirt, brought it close to her breast and said in a hoarse, childish voice, "Pretty pearl. Is that a real pearl?"

"I don't know," he answered quietly.

"Reminds me of some I once had," she went on, haltingly, hoarsely.

"Who gave it to you?"

"A friend."

"What happened to them?"

"I lost them," she said and then was silent a long time.

But she had finally spoken and not only the psychiatrist heard but, it is hoped, millions of persons throughout the United States. For Doris, a real patient, and the doctor, a real psychiatrist, both at the Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk, Connecticut, were two of the stars appearing in *Out of Darkness*, a CBS ninety-minute "actuality drama" shown Sunday, March 18. It represented television's first intensive attempt to enter the private world of patients in mental hospitals. It was produced by CBS Public Affairs, of which Irving Gitlin is director, in consultation with the American Psychiatric Association and the National Association for Mental Health.

THIS is an outstanding portrayal of mental illness as handled in our state hospitals. Producer-writer Albert Wasserman, whose film *First Steps* won an Academy Award as the best short documentary of 1947, and Mr. Gitlin, executive producer, deserve much credit for avoiding the sensational. They focus, instead, on the one thing that has proved of help to the emotionally ill—the develop-

ment of trust between patient and psychiatrist. Mental illness is one of the most dramatic things in the world; its cure, one of the most undramatic. The easing of mental illness is based on a day-by-day growing awareness on the part of the patient of the fantasies in his mind that have chained him to a distorted world. Sometimes people live so deeply in their world of fantasy that much patience is required on the part of the psychiatrist before there can be an attempt to unravel fantasies; the psychiatrist must first bring the person back to the state we call sanity. It is this patience that is so movingly portrayed in *Out of Darkness*.

There are many stars in the film. Dr. William Menninger, as medical narrator, speaks in his usual sincere, friendly, compassionate manner. He explains that psychiatrists "are no longer interested in labels but in how the people tick and how we can change them." He describes the treatment in mental hospitals today, says that shock is applicable "in perhaps 5 to 10 per cent of cases," warns that "drugs are not a cure-all." Most important are those who work with the patient and who must be warm, understanding people. He makes a plea for more money for our mental hospitals, pointing out we are spending only \$2.50 a day per patient for care and treatment.

The film opens with a dramatic shot of the face of Orson Welles who begins to read from a book, *The Philosophy of Insanity*, written in 1860 in Glasgow, Scotland, by an unknown patient in a mental hospital. "For seventeen years I have

LUCY FREEMAN is author of *Fight Against Fears*, which told the story of her own experience with psychiatrists. She was for many years on the staff of the *New York Times*, reporting developments in the field of mental hygiene.

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been in communication with insanity," writes the unknown man and Mr. Welles proceeds to conduct the "journey through the world of mental illness" with two guides, one from the present (Dr. Menninger) and one from the past (the unknown patient).

Actually there are three divisions in the film—Welles' poetic commentary, Dr. Menninger's lucid explanations accompanied by some heart-breaking scenes of patients singing songs, playing checkers, having their hair done, talking to psychiatrists, and the story of Doris. The film possibly might have held more punch had it been concerned alone with Doris, with Dr. Menninger's comments as background. The three-pronged attack is a bit overwhelming, but this is minor quibble. As is the feeling that the psychiatrist who treats Doris appears at first too patronizing in manner even though his words are gentle.

But criticism fades away in admiration for the over-all tone of the film, and for the superb photography, particularly of the faces that bespeak anguish and fear. From the moment Doris boards a bus to go to the hospital until she leaves four

months later on the arm of her husband, the camera catches expertly the expressions of her mobile face. On it at times lies a look of beauty, at other times a trapped and almost bestial look. It is Doris' face with its changing expressions that holds the real power of this film. Most of the photographs of patients were taken through the special glass windows which hide the viewer from the occupants of the room but enable him to see them clearly.

THOSE who saw *Out of Darkness* (more than 100,000 viewing parties were organized by the National Association for Mental Health to watch the showing) should get a deeper understanding of mental illness and how it is treated today in our mental hospitals.

But the audience should remember Dr. Menninger's warning not to be misled by the success of Doris who regained her reason after four months. Not even a handful of the hundreds of thousands of patients in mental hospitals sees a psychiatrist three times a week. Doris is the exception, not the rule. Most patients are lucky if they see a psychiatrist once in three months. There

are not enough psychiatrists in the nation to staff our hospitals; few psychiatrists choose to remain in the hospitals after they finish their training because the pay is so low.

Audiences should remember, too, that our state mental hospitals are not the places where "cures" are accomplished, if by "cures" we mean a guarantee that the illness will not return. As one mental-hospital director said recently, "We can, in our hospitals, by using the best we have, often return people to the world of reality but then they have to go to clinics in their communities or to a private psychiatrist to get the intensive long-term kind of help that attacks the emotional problems that have caused their severe illness."

The raising of standards in our mental hospitals, so that more patients can be helped as Doris was helped, is half the battle. The other half is to obtain the care needed outside the hospitals once a person has been returned to his home. Perhaps that might be the next CBS Public Affairs "actuality dream" in the mental field. *Out of Darkness* gives us a stirring example of what can be done if there is will, wisdom and heart.

OUR SPLIT ATOMIC POLICY

What's Needed Is Fusion . . . by David F. Cavers

WASHINGTON appears to be split on its atomic foreign policy. Two recent developments throw light on the fission. One is President Eisenhower's encouraging letter of March 1 to Premier Bulganin in which he holds out the hope that his "open-skies" plan might be followed by a standstill in nuclear production for weapons use and by contributions of fuel "from existing stockpiles . . . to an international atomic energy agency." In contrast was the tenor of the President's announcement eight

DAVID F. CAVERS, Fessenden professor of law and associate dean of Harvard Law School, has maintained a close and continuing interest in disarmament and atomic developments.

days earlier. This made available for peaceful purposes a billion dollars worth of fissionable uranium (U-235), of which half—40,000 kilograms—is earmarked for foreign nations on terms that would *prevent* its distribution to—and by—the International Atomic Agency.

The agency that would thus be bypassed is still in gestation, but it would be hard for the United States to deny paternity. It springs directly from President Eisenhower's famous "atoms-for-peace" speech to the U. N. General Assembly in December, 1953. The Soviet's lively lack of enthusiasm for it delayed action for a year. But when the General Assembly met last fall, the United States joined seven other uranium-

producing powers—Great Britain, Australia, Canada, South Africa, Belgium, France and Portugal—in proffering a draft statute that would establish the agency as one of the specialized agencies of the U. N. And the President's startling offer of U-235 took place just as a twelve-power conference was convening in Washington to revise and perfect the draft statute for submission to an eighty-four-power world conference.

Maybe the Administration thinks of arms control as relating to an unpredictable and probably remote future. At such a distance, general proposals for action under U. N. auspices can be expressed with safety. However, the business of actually handing over American-made U-235

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for foreign use is quite another matter. Here is something concrete and immediate in its implications—and the government believes that strings had better be tied to the offer.

The way to achieve this is to give the U-235 not to a U. N. body but directly to friends under bilateral arrangements. The State Department has been following precisely such a course since 1954, when the new Atomic Energy Act made the export of fissionables legal. By now twenty-eight bilateral agreements have been signed. Twenty-five of these are "research bilaterals" calling for the United States to supply six kilograms of uranium enriched in U-235 for use in research reactors. Three are "power bilaterals," agreements with Britain, Canada and Belgium that call for the exchange of restricted data and, in the latter two, for the United States to supply enriched uranium in quantities big enough to fuel power reactors (Britain has its own U-235).

TO those who think of security in terms of strings, it is easy to see the appeal of the bilateral program. In the first place, Washington can decide who is to get fissionables. In contrast, distributing fissionables through the International Atomic Agency would mean that a sixteen-man board of governors would decide where the fissionables were to go; the contributor nations would have no power to earmark. Hence, nothing in the agency plan could prevent American fissionables from winding up in a Czech reactor—or Soviet fissionables in a Cuban reactor.

The bilateral plan also permits Washington to keep its secrets. The United States can and does prescribe the security specifications which contracting states obtaining restricted data must observe. The international agency would have nothing to restrict: who would be concealing what secrets from whom?

Bilateralism also offers an escape from another worry: what becomes of the plutonium inevitably produced in foreign reactors using American U-235? This plutonium, unlike uranium in the low enrichments that the United States offers to export, is a nuclear explosive usable in bombs. Therefore, the research bilaterals—and the Belgian power bilateral as well—require that

all the atomic fuel exported must be returned, after use, to the United States for reprocessing. Reprocessing permits the fuel to be reused but also removes the newly produced plutonium, thus depriving the U-235 importer of any chance to build up a plutonium stockpile of its own.

This aspect of the bilateral program is a bit embarrassing: the strings tied to plutonium may look to other countries as much like economic restraints as security safeguards. To explain this calls for a word on the technology of reactors. A power reactor designed to use either U-235 or uranium enriched in U-235 will not function efficiently—or at all—if it is fueled with one of the other fissionables, plutonium or U-233 (a reactor makes U-233 from thorium much as a reactor makes plutonium from natural uranium). However, to obtain U-235, it must be separated from the natural uranium, of which it constitutes a mere 0.7 per cent. Only the tremendously expensive gaseous-diffusion plants will do this job, and today the United States, Britain and the USSR are the sole possessors of such plants. Since the British plant is too small to sustain an export trade, the nation that builds reactors using U-235 is dependent for its fuel supply either on the United States (and the good graces of Congress) or on the USSR (and the good graces of the Kremlin).

If a country could retain the plutonium manufactured in its U-235 reactors, it could in time modify the reactors to permit the use of plutonium instead of U-235. With natural uranium available from many sources, the country could fairly quickly achieve fuel independence. Thus the American reprocessing requirement which makes this tactic impracticable may seem less an armaments-control device than a plan for preserving an American monopoly in nuclear-fuel supply and a market for American-type reactors, which are all designed to use uranium enriched in U-235.

Against the calculus of caution that the bilateral program exemplifies, what can the advocates of an International Atomic Agency argue? They can point out that the agency would require recipients to account for the atomic fuel they received; use of the fuel for weapons would be forbidden and on-the-spot inspec-

tion provided. If a country's plutonium stocks grow needlessly and dangerously large, further fuel shipments could be cut off till the stockpile shrank to peace proportions.

Moreover, exclusive reliance on the bilateral program has its risks as well, risks that are less tangible but potentially more serious than those that it seeks to avoid. First, there is the very real risk that few countries will go along with the bilateral program. Except for those NATO and Latin American nations that are readiest to follow Washington's lead, non-Communist nations might elect to base their reactor programs on the use of natural uranium, developing uranium-plutonium or thorium-U-233 cycles, sacrificing some efficiency for greater independence.

SECOND, if the United States were to abandon the International Atomic Agency or make only grudging contributions to it, the USSR might seize the opportunity to make of the new body an instrument of its national policy. For at least a decade it would cost the USSR relatively little in nuclear fuel to pose as a champion of the atomic "have-not" nations. In Moscow today the West is up against a flexible and imaginative antagonist; there is no longer assurance that the West will be protected in its blunders by its adversary's greater ones.

Third, the United States would risk the final deflation of the hopes raised by President Eisenhower in 1953 if it failed now to make the agency a meaningful force for economic development and world peace. The heartening position taken by the President in his March 1 letter highlights the issue. The letter evokes anew the vision of an international atomic pool serving as a means not merely to absorb new nuclear production but "to reverse the present trend toward a constant increase in nuclear weapons overhanging the world." American sincerity in sentiments of this sort has already been called in question; these doubts would be confirmed if Washington should now let the agency down.

Yet, as one reads the President's announcement of February 22, the favorable implications of both the forward-looking preamble and the vast quantities of U-235 to be made



Partymiller in York Gazette and Daily
Atomic Disarmament Next?

available are in part cancelled by the flat statement in Paragraph 5: "It is not intended that . . . the Soviet Union and its satellites shall share in this distribution." This provision runs squarely counter to the statute of the International Atomic Agency, which the United States helped to draft, and which envisages the creation of a non-partisan body to further world peace, not the cold war. The President's statement notes that "significant actions are under way to create an international agency" as well as (with a bow to Euratom) "an integrated community for Western Europe to develop peaceful uses of atomic energy." The paragraph welcomes this progress and promises cooperation. But a polite gesture of this kind does not wipe out the flat denial in Paragraph 5 of the agency's *raison d'être*.

The American tendency to be international in generalities and national in the particulars cannot justifiably be based on the danger of aiding the Soviet atomic program. Were an agency created with the United States an active participant, contributing (for a reasonable price) sufficient fissionable materials to support a thriving atomic-power devel-

opment abroad, the pressure on the Soviet Union also to contribute fissionables in volume would become almost irresistible. Indeed, a Soviet failure to respond could represent the first great American victory in the new phase of competitive coexistence. A more probable outcome would be Soviet contributions in amounts greater than the Soviet satellites could hope to consume. Where the agency directed particular shipments to go would then be of no consequence; American-made atoms are indistinguishable from the Soviet brand.

NOR does the United States have to husband its fissionables to guard against possible shortages. The quantities specified in the President's statement represent a confession that an embarrassment of riches is in early prospect. Discoveries of uranium deposits have been mounting in response both to incentive pricing and to the Atomic Energy Commission's commitment to buy domestic production at a fixed price till '62. The \$785 millions that the AEC paid to buy uranium ore and to produce fissionables in fiscal '55 was 42 per cent more than it spent in

fiscal '54, and its inventory of materials in production jumped by a quarter of a billion dollars to top a billion. The very magnitude of the offer indicates that the AEC wants it made plain that the days of shortage are over and that worry as to the adequacy of future supplies should deter no power company or authority here or abroad from atomic investments. Maybe the AEC also wanted to dampen the growing enthusiasm of the Western miners for extending uranium price supports beyond '62. A few more big finds, and the silver-buying program would begin to look like a church sale.

The fission in our atomic foreign policy seems due far less to the practicalities than to the politicalities. Bilaterals with strings are certainly easier to sell on the Hill than a new and untried U. N. agency. Moreover, a distinction is built into the law. Even a power bilateral (if it provides certain guaranties as to security) may become effective without Congressional action after having been laid before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy for thirty days. In contrast, Senator Bricker saw to it that any "international arrangement" (as the Atomic Energy Act defines agreements other than bilaterals) must either be ratified as a treaty by two-thirds of the Senate or be approved by both houses of Congress. Despite doubts cast by an obfuscating Bricker proviso, arrangements thus adopted would override any conflicting provisions of the act. But would they carry?

This question may be the key to the President's statement. If the International Atomic Agency were made to look like no more than a good-will gesture, while Congress was assured that the bilaterals served as the real tools of American policy, the Administration might get Congressional acceptance of the agency treaty without a fight. But in using this tactic the Administration might win a domestic political victory while losing an important round in the new international economic war. And the result also might be to decrease the chance of bringing the atomic arms race to a halt. This country, too, has need for new flexibility in its policy-making; flexibility is not obtained by splitting atomic foreign policy into two inconsistent parts.

GIVE THEM TIME

Reflections on Faulkner . . by Roy Bongartz

In a copyrighted interview in *The Reporter*, novelist William Faulkner asserted that while he believed the South wrong and the Negroes right on the segregation issue, "if there's no middle ground, if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of Mississippi." If the choice had to be made, he explained, he would "fight for Mississippi against the United States even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Negroes." Of the Southerner, he said that "when he reforms," he should be made to feel that he is doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," Mr. Faulkner added. These interesting observations led me to elicit (in imagination, of course) the following comments from some of Mr. Faulkner's distinguished contemporaries.

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Ernest Hemingway, author of *Death in the Afternoon*, said today he would "fight for the bull-fighters against Mexico even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Mexicans." Commenting on action by the Mexico City Office of Public Spectacles in banning bull-fighter Luis Miguel Dominguin from Mexican bull rings because of his criticism of the bulls, Hemingway admitted the official might be right in chastising a prima donna. But he added that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the bull-fighters." Hemingway said the thing to do was make the bull-fighter feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing it spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

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John Steinbeck, author of *Cannery Row*, said today he would fight for his back-alley characters against the East "even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Eastern dieticians." Steinbeck admitted

the dieticians might be right in their contention that Cannery Row children could not possibly live healthy lives on a diet of beans, as the author had once implied, but he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of Cannery Row." Steinbeck said the thing to do was make Cannery Row feel that "when it reforms" it would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give it time," he said.

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Arthur Miller, author of *Death of a Salesman*, said today he would "fight for salesmen against their employers even if it meant going out



into the streets and shooting sales managers." Commenting on new widespread pressure on salesmen throughout the country, especially in sales organizations of large corporations, and the resulting increase in salesmen's breakdowns, Miller admitted that many of them lacked the necessary stamina, or, in some cases, were just lazy. "But," he added, "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the salesman." Miller said the thing to do was to make the salesman feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

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Tennessee Williams, author of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, said today he would fight for Southern belles against brutish Northerners "even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Poles." Obviously referring to Stanley Kowalski when he called Northern critics of Southern aristocracy "uneducated louts," Williams admitted they might, in the long run, be right in their assertion that the old plantation life was dead. But he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm

on the side of the Southern belle." Williams said the thing to do was make the Southern woman feel that "when she reforms" she would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give her time," he said.

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James Thurber, author of *The War Between Men and Women*, said today he would "fight for men against women even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting women." Commenting on widespread reports that tension between the two sides had recently come dangerously close to the breaking point, Thurber, who many years ago in his famous work predicted just such a development, admitted that the women might be right. No one could deny, he said, that men were often confused, timid, given to daydreaming, opinionated and unreliable, and that they frequently made unsuitable husbands. But he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the man." Thurber said the thing to do was make the man feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

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J. D. Salinger, author of *The Catcher in the Rye*, said today he would "fight for adolescents against adults even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting parents and teachers." Commenting on curfews and other attempts at curbing a high rate of juvenile delinquency, Salinger admitted that adults face a serious problem, and that many adolescents are dangerously maladjusted and given to illogical outbursts of revolt that do as much harm to themselves as to their enemies. But he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the adolescent." Salinger said the thing to do was to make the adolescent feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

ROY BONGARTZ, short-story writer, conducted these interviews by mental telepathy from Yaddo.

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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Clean Slate of Bolshevism

CONTINUITY AND CHANGE IN RUSSIAN AND SOVIET THOUGHT. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest J. Simmons. Harvard University Press. \$7.50.

THE RUSSIAN MARXISTS AND THE ORIGINS OF BOLSHEVISM. By Leopold H. Haimson. Harvard University Press. \$5.50.

By Mark Gayn

IN THE early days of their triumph, the Bolsheviks liked to think that they were destroying old Russia, and erecting instead a brave, new and Marxist nation. Sergei Mayakowski, the poet-laureate of the new era, wrote:

Enough of living by laws
That Adam and Eve have left.
Hustle old history's horse
Left! Left! Left!

And when Moscow's missionaries went abroad, to Poland, Germany or China, their sermon stressed the new revolution, rather than Russia.

A decade passed before this revolution, consciously and energetically, began to seek its roots in the old Russian soil. The turning point may well have been supplied by the Communist defeat in China in 1927, and Stalin's conviction that if communism was to survive at all, it had to establish itself firmly on Russian soil. The methods employed are by now familiar. They ranged from forced industrialization to the revival of Pan-Slavism (with *Slavyane* as its house organ), from extravagant claims for long dead and often obscure Russian inventors or explorers to a glorification of Tzarist generals (with that old Tzarist disciplinarian, Marshal Suvorov, lending his name to Soviet military schools for adolescents and to the most coveted military decoration).

Today, of course, a reader of *Pravda* cannot tell where Bolshevism ends and "mother Russia" begins. But it is legitimate to wonder just how much in Soviet life today is Communist and how much is Rus-

MARK GAYN is the author of *Japan Diary*, *Journey From the East*, and other books.

sian. How solid are the links between the Russia of Stalin and that of, say, Nikolai I? What have been the mechanics of planting Communist roots in the Russian earth? Has there been a marked change in the trend toward Russification under the new "collective leadership?" The answers are essential to an intelligent evaluation of Soviet policy and historic course. It is to these answers, thus, that Ernest Simmons and some thirty associates devote a fat volume, based on a year of research and thought.

The theme is set by Professor Simmons himself: "Can a revolution, even one dedicated to the establishment of a totally new political, social and economic system, turn aside the natural path of a country's history, uproot its indigenous customs and habits, and change the traits of its citizens?"

UNFORTUNATELY, the clarity with which Professor Simmons sets the problem is largely unmatched by the answers he has received for this odd volume. Some of the thirty-three essays in it are only remotely related to the theme. Theodosius Dobzhansky's study of *The Crisis of Soviet Biology* is fascinating, but his attempt to tie up Professor Lysenko's adventures in genetics with Russian scientific debates in the nineteenth century seems half-hearted and unconvincing. Robert Byrnes's essay on Pobedonostsev, the High Procurator of the Holy Synod in 1880-1905, is a first-rate portrait of an anti-intellectual. In fact, all too little has been written in English about this fearsome and powerful figure. Yet, it would surely be a distortion to argue Pobedonostsev's resemblance to, say, Stalin.

But the failure to hew to the theme is not, it seems to me, the major shortcoming of this volume. A reader who ploughs through its 550 pages will find his mind befogged, for the simple reason that most of the authors appear unable to come to any conclusion. Some avoid the answer. Others seem to flounder in the sea of facts yielded by their

own research into what is often irrelevant or inconsequential. This reviewer has at times caught himself thinking of the medieval theologians and their disputes on just how many angels could find place on a pin-point. That I am not alone in my perplexity is shown by the statements of doubt in the summaries that follow each of the six main sections, or by such expressions by the summarizers as "if I understand Dr. X. correctly."

The book, of course, is not without value; no volume of ideas could be. But it is sprawled all over the landscape of Russian political and intellectual history, with little selectivity, discipline or cohesion. One summarizer comments on the "delightful unpredictability" of a contributor's choice of a subject. There is too much of this unpredictability in the book, and not all of it is delightful.

ONE of the big questions provoked by the book is why, nearly forty years after the Bolshevik revolution, historians in this country will still engage in an introduction to a preliminary study. Why, with hundreds of scholars engaged in research and with vast funds available to them, is there still no truly distinguished American study of the Bolshevik revolution—the pre-revolutionary influences that shaped it, its development and its possible future course? Let it be as opinionated as E. H. Carr's series in England, but let it also be illuminated by his type of brilliance as an analyst, scholar and writer. Surely there is no lack of the raw research material in the West, as there is no shortage of scholars in the great American universities.

It is just possible that the vacuum in this country might be filled by Leopold H. Haimson, whose newly published study of the origins of Bolshevism is advertised as the first of a series. The book is primarily the story of the era, the conditions and the conflicting ideas which led to the historic split of the Russian Social-Democracy into the rival camps of Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. But, fortunately, it is more than that. It is also the story of Russian *intelligentsia* in its years of ferment,

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1880-1905, and of the crucial struggle that involved the "Big Four" of the era, Lenin, Plekhanov, Martov and Akselrod. Mr. Haimson has been able to lay his hands on primary Russian sources, and he has mined them expertly. His book is one of perceptive analysis; it is also marked by long spells of good writing. His profile of Martov, for instance, is a notable piece of political biography. With this volume, both Mr. Haimson and the Harvard Russian Research Center demonstrate that it is possible to deal with Bolshevism, its

antecedents, course and destiny, with grace and distinction.

NOTE: If the Harvard Center were ever to duplicate its *Documentary History of Chinese Communism* (by Professors Fairbank, Brandt and Schwartz) on the Russian scene—provided this could be done with the same high quality of research and writing, and the same general method—it might well prove to be the most useful volume yet available to Americans interested in the Soviet Union.

The Man Who Knew Better

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

1930-1945. By Paul Reynaud. Simon and Schuster. \$7.50.

By Harvey Goldberg

ONCE BEFORE, in *La France a sauvé l'Europe* (1948), Paul Reynaud amassed evidence to locate the blame for the fall of France. Now he repeats his story across some 700 pages, buttressing his controversial interpretations with data from new memoirs and monographs and retaining at all points the mask of a rejected Cassandra.

As the wartime premier of France from March 21 to June 15, 1940, in those disastrous days of collapse before the lightning Nazi onslaught, Reynaud automatically merits attention for his personal review of the French debacle. But his memoirs, like those of his more successful British counterpart, Winston Churchill, possesses historical importance well beyond the intrinsic worth of private recollections. In part this is due to Reynaud's mastery of a great deal of French documentary material, which lends to his story a genuine dimension of scholarship. But in larger measure it is because his own role in the disastrous decade of appeasement was sufficiently honorable to credit him with a high degree of integrity. A man of the Right (despite his own rather vague designation of Centrist), he never

succumbed to the inducements of fascism. An amateur in the game of war, he surpassed the professionals in comprehending the age of the tank. A Republican of conservative persuasion, he subordinated ideology to patriotism in his search for a defense against Germany. Since the revisionist historiography accompanying the Cold War has made mist of the once-clear issue of fascism, it is strikingly fresh to follow Reynaud's frontal attack on the policy of appeasement.

From a mass of material, often repetitious and prolix, it is possible to isolate five essential themes in his tableau of French defeat: the failure to implement the Franco-Soviet Pact of 1935; the unwarranted trust in Mussolini's friendship; the ludicrously mistaken dependence on the Maginot defense line; the appeasement of Germany from the remilitarization of the Rhineland to the settlement at Munich; and the triumphant defeatism of the *capitulards* in June of 1940.

RECOGNIZING that French security in the face of Nazi dynamism dictated a Russian alliance, Reynaud stood as one with another conservative, Louis Barthou, in subordinating to the national safety a personal hostility toward Soviet communism. But Barthou's assassination (October 9, 1934) opened the Quai d'Orsay to Pierre Laval, who skillfully revised the earlier conception of the pact into the empty formalism of May 2, 1935. While a Flandin or a Bonnet (their later self-justification notwithstanding) bore the Russians but scarcely-veiled hostility and assigned the alliance to the scrapheap

of useless documents, Reynaud looked upon the Soviet Union as the essential and feasible ally of France. In the final analysis, he had no doubt of the continuous devotion of the Russians to the principle of collective action with France until the fruitless dawdling of the Western democracies drove the Soviet government into alliance with the Nazis.

Reynaud would have confronted the German threat with mobile artillery as well as powerful friends. Pétain, the inflated hero of Verdun, and Weygand, "the disseminator in *la Revue des Deux Mondes* of official opinion upon the French army," suffused military thought from 1917 to 1935 with faith in that wonderfully cheap defensive system called the Maginot Line. Reynaud thought in other terms, but a civilian barking annoyingly about military renovation earned only scornful silence from professional commanders still basking in former glories.

Appeasement was the handmaiden of unpreparedness, and Reynaud sadly details that record. From the moves in the Rhineland, which (as Keitel and others revealed at Nuremberg) might have been stopped by firm French action, to the Nazi *coup* at Munich, he urged strength and preparation on a government which was alternating blindness with ineptitude. When war then came, the French faced an enemy fat with bloodless victories. Reynaud was finally called to lead in the critical days of March, 1940, and even the unwinding of French defeat failed to sap his determination to resist. Denying the accusations of Weygand and his kind that he, Reynaud, was first to suggest the armistice of May 25, the former premier turns the charges back upon his accusers. He draws on many documents, like the moving telegram to F. D. R. on June 10: "We shall fight in front of Paris, we shall fight behind Paris; we shall fortify ourselves in one of our provinces, and if we are chased from there, we shall go to North Africa, and if need be, to our American possessions." He demonstrates his firm resolve to hold to his promise of March 28 to stand unswervingly beside Britain—a resolve firm even to that final moment of capitulation at the Bordeaux Cabinet meeting on June 15. And when at that session the deceptive Chautemps wrapped

HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department of Ohio State University, has recently returned from a visit of eight months in France, where he compiled material for his forthcoming biography of Jaurès.

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Weygand's proposal for an armistice in a package acceptable to the majority of ministers, Reynaud resigned, leaving office shorn more of prestige than of honor.

DESPITE this far from ignoble record Reynaud fails either to inspire complete confidence or to assume ultimate greatness. There is in the memoirs the staccato style of a man talking incessantly, repeating, insisting, scolding, justifying. Reynaud behaves like someone whose record, however good by comparison, isn't good enough to stand alone; it must somehow be accompanied by the distracting drum beats of self-justification.

On the surface, his unattained greatness is the product of a deadly lag between good intentions and effective actions. Reynaud fills his pages with speeches rendered and articles published over many years and in many places. But this political hit-and-run technique produced in the end little more than his reputation as an isolated dissenter. At last in office in 1940 and presumably able to wrest policy from the faint-in-courage and the corrupt-in-heart, Reynaud brought into his ministry on May 17 both Pétain and Weygand, the worst of the *capitulards*. He passes the most severe judgment on both men. Weygand he describes as a man filled with a narrow military spirit and devoid of republican loyalty. On the intellectual and administrative weakness of Pétain he cites Clemenceau, Poincaré, Joffre and Foch. On the danger of Pétain as an anti-democratic national leader he goes back to the early advocacy of Hervé. In short, Reynaud knew these men as arch-defeatists; but in the shadow of French defeat, he invited them to share power.

Beneath the surface lies the sin, not of commission, but of omission. Reynaud knew the men who were blocking anti-Fascist action: the collaborationists, like Alphonse de Chateaubriant, who preferred Hitler to Stalin; the doctrinaire pacifists of socialism and labor, like Faure and Belin, who became partners of Vichy in their alleged devotion to humanity; the anti-intellectuals of the army, like Pétain, who could make successful war only on fresh ideas. But two things Reynaud could not fully comprehend—that to bend knee before fascism was to display, not so

much a personal aberration, as a deep social fear; and that to rally strength for the fight required not only better weapons but also revolutionary zeal.

"The history of the Third Republic offers no more sensational turn-about than the one which diverted from the Left to the Right the accusation of treason and from the Right to the Left that of war-mongering." So wrote Pierre Brossolette a few months before Munich. The puzzle is in a sense set straight by Jules Romains who once remarked that "to be of the Right is to be afraid of what is happening." On the one side in France stood a traditional and capitalist Right, ready to accommodate to fascism; on the other side was a Left essentially ready to fight; and in the middle, over the battle lines, hung the thought of social revolution.

How then to fight in the thirties, how to organize victory? With tanks, of course, and tremendous sacrifice against a more powerful neighbor. But also, and not one whit less important, with determination to fill out the principles of the French Revolution. In '92 the Jacobins did in the First Coalition, but only after harnessing the reactionaries and setting patriotism atop justice. Reynaud the patriot was at odds, however, with Reynaud the bourgeois. The man who would have solved the depression merely with devaluation, who dismantled the forty-hour week

in 1938 while ignoring the plight of low wages, who sought to lead a crusade with a coalition of conservative politicians—such a man, though sincere and honorable, was not, sad to say, "in the thick of the fight."

History abounds in antinomies. Out of defeat came hopes for France—the great hope of the Liberation. Bourdet has said that the program of the Resistance was universally considered the big step toward socialism. But now, a decade later, the Resistance seems like an *entre'acte*, a preface to the return of the Right. And in this postwar world stands Monsieur Reynaud, now called independent, moving nowhere in the company of Coty, Laniel, Petsche and Pinay. Roger Duchet, senator from the Cote d'Or, attempted in his report to the 1954 Congress of Independents to separate the "moderates" from the traditional conservatives. But their vocabulary is nonetheless the idiom of the Right—laissez-faire, colonial empire, anti-communism, distrust of the masses, and spiritual values (the mobilization of the divine to protect the status quo, as Barrès once said). And there is Reynaud, still far from the thick of the fight, offering Frenchmen the homily of personal effort in the age of the French cartel.

Reynaud fought with deep sincerity for the dignity of France. But like any political Archimedes, he needed a place to stand, and that he never really had.

Influences and Images

JOHN MARIN. By Frederick S. Wight and MacKinley Helm, with Tributes by William Carlos Williams, Duncan Phillips and Dorothy Norman. University of California Press. \$3.50.

MORRIS GRAVES. By Frederick S. Wight. With a Foreword by John I. H. Baur and a Note by Duncan Phillips. University of California Press. \$3.50.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THESE VOLUMES were written to accompany exhibitions of the work of Marin and of Graves, organized by the art galleries of the Univer-

S. LANE FAISON, JR., is chairman of the art department at Williams College.

sity of California at Los Angeles, and to be on view at art museums on the West Coast, in the Midwest, at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington and the Whitney Museum in New York (the Graves show is at the Whitney now). In addition, the Marin exhibition will be shown at Palm Beach and at the University of Georgia. While these books serve admirably as catalogues of two extremely important shows, they are in addition monographs of lasting usefulness.

Since Marin's death at eighty-two in the fall of 1953, there have been no fewer than ten retrospective exhibitions of varying magnitude, but the current one outstrips them all, especially as it gives full account of

Marin's late oils and watercolors and demonstrates that his creative powers developed to the end along lines already firmly established by 1910. MacKinley Helm's essay brings his biography of 1948 to definitive conclusion. Here the American roots of Marin's art are established and shown to take precedence over the influence of Cézanne, which was more tangential than many critics have supposed, though near the end of his life Marin called him "the great painter since the world began." Among other roots, Helm traces a sequence via the etchers Maxime Lalanne and Charles Meryon back to Rembrandt, completely by-passing the impressionists. Other inspirations were Tintoretto's handling of forms in space and the loving care of the Dutch flower painters. Some of the New York watercolors of 1910 suggest Delaunay's Eiffel Tower series, but Helm makes no mention of such connection.

The main essay in the Marin volume is Frederick Wight's incisive and brilliant study, deftly interleafed with many of Marin's own observations, as clipped and sparse as his paintings. The emphasis is placed properly on transparency and structural power: glass and steel are Wight's analogies, not Cézanne's stonelike forms. The oils strike a more somber note, but movement is their key, and *My Hell Raising Sea* (1941) may be taken as their symbol. Fifteen fine color plates supplement the profuse illustration.

MORRIS Graves has gradually won a place among America's authentic and original talents, and Wight's essay is the most substantial account of his career. The *Blind Bird* series of 1940, best known in the example owned by the Museum of Modern Art, marks the full arrival, but there are portentous adumbrations in the preceding decade, when Graves was still in his twenties. Visions of the inner eye and mental space soon followed, and in the war years poignant reveries like *Moon Mad Crow in the Surf* plumbed dark regions of human tragedy. Recently the scale has grown larger with great prophetic ganders and the Whitney Museum's *Flight of Plovers* (1955), foreboding like a distant storm. Frederick Wight has skillfully worked his personal knowledge of Graves into the acutely critical

commentary. Connections with the geography and climate of the Northwest are established but not overlaid, and the same restraint marks comment on Graves's interest in the art and religious attitudes of the Far East. A projected journey to these lands, for example, ended in Hawaii: "... the Honolulu Academy

of Art became the Orient he was seeking." One might add that the spell of Zen Buddhism has also been felt latterly by a group of young painters in Munich, though their response has been as German as Graves's has been American.

The illustrations include twelve excellent color plates.

Remembrance of a Recent Past

THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD. By Anthony Powell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.50.

By Hazel Hawthorne

THIS SOCIAL COMEDY is third in a still-incomplete series titled "The Music of Time." The reviewer would like to have come upon it before having read the earlier novels, *A Question of Upbringing* and *A Buyer's Market*. Does it entertain (to use the mildest of criteria) as would *The Guermantes Way* discovered before acquaintance with Swann and the girls at Balbec? I think it does.

The reference to Proust is not casual, for throughout "The Music of Time" events and people round back upon themselves in Proustian manner. Even a gesture is recurrent and its consequences expand forward and back and around. The narrator, Nicholas Jenkins' Uncle Giles, is, like Francoise, intermittently a referent figure from a social level other than the one of the story. Widmerpool, a former schoolmate of Nicholas, "significantly regarded by his contemporaries as a dull dog," is "one of those symbolic figures of whom most people possess at least one example . . . round whom the past and the future have a way of assembling."

To take notice of the eminent likeness is not to detract from Powell's accomplishment: the wit moderate, gentle and wry, the engaging style, the filled-out characterizations are all his own, and richer because he shares Proust's vision of relations.

As for the title, it appears first as a term to describe Widmerpool's job in the City during the depres-

HAZEL HAWTHORNE has written essays and short stories for *Hound and Horn*, *American Caravan*, the *New Yorker*. She is the author of a novel, *Salt House*.

sion; he has joined a financial house that accepts debts, a house of bill-brokers. Later on it suggests to Nicholas "what we are all doing. . . . Besides, in another sense, the whole world is the Acceptance World as one approaches thirty."

Here is the "plot": Nicholas has tea with Uncle Giles, dines at the Ritz, week-ends in the country (during which, in a deliciously comic scene, a ouija board quotes *Das Kapital*) and begins a love affair. He is in and out of restaurants, visits an art exhibit, sees friends in a procession of hunger march sympathizers, joins a school reunion dinner and goes on to a rendezvous.

That is all that happens, yet concurrent with the telling we are learning how enlightened and thoughtful Englishmen in the early 1930's, that period of loss and dis-integrations, regarded their time on earth. "Though ominous," Nicholas felt, "things still had their enchantment."

Valor in Crete

FREEDOM OR DEATH. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon and Schuster. \$4.50.

By Saul Maloff

WHEN Nikos Kazantzakis' *Zorba the Greek* was published in this country in 1953 and *The Greek Passion* in 1954 it was instantly sensed that he is a writer of major stature. What was not so easy to determine was how, critically, to approach his work. There seemed nothing in the several modes of the Western novel with which to compare it, no available tradition in which to place it. Some features of the work seemed familiar, seemed to evoke memories, but they were elusive. If for a moment his immense vitality, his energy seemed to remind us of Defoe, of

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Fielding, of Cervantes, of the picaresque novel, we knew a moment later that we were up to the wretched academic business of the procrustean bed, that here was someone who would not *fit*. In this excellent new novel Mr. Kazantzakis is up to his old trick of being incomparable.

Both its unyieldingness to classification and part of the pleasure it yields as literature derive from the same source—the author's Olympian disdain for the conventions and fashions of the modern novel. At its core there is only fire, none of the subtler elements; and of inner life—as we understand its nature—the characters have none: only a kind of inner *behavior*, an inner pantomime that erupts suddenly into exuberant gesture. The essence of the novel's difference is that Mr. Kazantzakis, who is a scholar and a sage, is just not concerned with that aspect of the novel which we call *character*, although, one feels, he would willingly concede our point. But *character* is a "Frankish" (that is, French, which in the book's rhetoric means: Western, intellectual, decadent) encumbrance, one which an enslaved people raging for freedom cannot tolerate.

THAT is the point: it is an encumbrance, the paralyzing involutions and intricacies of people and of human involvements in the West. For his people, in *their* situation—the reckless, doomed, magnificent rebellion of Cretan patriots against their Turkish oppressors in 1897—subtlety, doubt, internal division mean acquiescence and the death of the sustaining dream. As "characters," then, they have only what they need for their destined mission, the liberation of the lonely little island that is the only important world.

Beautifully, Kazantzakis creates the sense that this is the only world, the only people, the only fate; freedom or death. As he strips his canvas starkly to these ultimate terms, we see the secret of his ferocious power: the giants who walk his Cretan earth that is haunted by the old implacable gods are seen as giants should be—through the eyes of myth and heroic legend. It does not seem

SAUL MALOFF, a free-lance editor and critic, formerly taught English at the Universities of Iowa, Michigan and Indiana.

absurd to say that Nikos Kazantzakis has written an Homeric novel in the twentieth century, a novel that recovers without recourse to stratagem.

—but as if they are the only possible terms for his universe—the ancient virtues of dedication, honor, pride and courage.

Selected New Books

Sociology

FRATERNITIES WITHOUT BROTHERHOOD. By Alfred McClung Lee. Beacon Press. \$1.95. A convincing, factual report on the chief weakness of campus fraternities—discriminatory policies and practices. The height of absurdity is found in the case of a Greek-lettered sorority which excluded students of Greek national origin.

THE MAKING OF CHARLES A. BEARD. By Mary R. Beard. Exposition Press. \$3. Aspects of the famous historian and political scientist's heritage, education and professional life as superficially told by his widow. Except for Arthur Macmahon's brilliant analysis of Beard as a teacher, the supplementary reports and essays on the man are also mediocre.

THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF GEORGE HERBERT MEAD. Edited by Anselm Strauss. Chicago. \$1.50. Selections of the lectures and writings of a leading pragmatist at the University of Chicago whose con-

cepts on the mind, social self and role have become central in the field of social psychology. Sometimes too technical for the layman, the book is required reading for the social scientist.

MILTON L. BARRON

Philosophy

FURTHER SPECULATIONS BY T. E. HULME. Edited by Sam Hynes. University of Minnesota Press. \$4.50. Hulme was an intelligent, sensitive, thoroughly self-conscious reactionary. By looking at his responses a liberal or progressive humanism can discern its weak spots or theoretical danger points. Perhaps more than any other single man he emerges as the inspirer of a systematic irrationalism in England in the period ending with World War I, in which Hulme met his death. Professor Hynes adds to the very limited collection of materials hitherto published a group of interesting essays on philosophy, literary criticism, art, war, including an exchange with Bertrand Russell on pacifism.

ABRAHAM EDEL

Theatre

Harold Clurman

MY FAIR LADY, a musical adapted from Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* by Albert Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe (Mark Hellinger Theatre) is a good show; in fact, a very good show—adult entertainment. Yet why, I wonder, are musicals when they are good, greeted with more rapturous acclaim and a greater noise than almost any good play? Is it because applause is the natural response to the high spirits of a musical, whereas the reflective nature of drama induces a certain quiet within the marks of approbation? Or are we delighted beyond our knowing when things are made easy for us? We are intrinsically lazy.

These are some of the things which passed through my mind as I watched *My Fair Lady*. What musi-

cal does not permit time for our minds to wander?

THE show is good, I said to myself, not because of any single element but because of the intelligent integration of all its elements. Shaw's dialogue—much of it has been retained—his basic good humor, health and self-respect cleanse the air. Lerner's lyrics have a certain crispness and quality of urbane banter. The idea of making a triumphant little song and dance when Liza progresses from "The rines of Spine fall on the pline," to "The rains of Spain fall on the plain" is theaterically brilliant.

Oliver Smith's sets are festive with a kind of refreshing neatness, and Cecil Beaton's costumes radiate an

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unoppressive cheeriness. Loewe's music serves—we are glad the music is there; it does not come as a relief but as an extension of the scenes.

How truly Shaw lends himself to musical comedy (Have any of us seen *The Chocolate Soldier*, which was the musical of *Arms and the Man*?) It took the authors and producers of *My Fair Lady* to remind us that Shaw never was a realist. He often is taken for one, but almost all Shaw productions clinging to a literal representation of the environment in which his plays presumably unfold are as wide of the mark as are most productions of Shakespeare.

Shaw is Punch and Judy, vaudeville and rhetoric informed by paradoxical common sense and joyous wisdom. His speeches are comic tirades (consider Doolittle's contrast of lower-class morality) or virtuoso arias in the grand manner—full of humanitarian passion and robust conviction. Shaw's quips, gags, hand-springs and somersaults derive from the oldest of old theatre—which is one reason why they endure. Shaw's lineage is the "classic" theatre from the street harlequinade to grand opera. That is why he seems very much himself in the new framework.

The cast of *My Fair Lady* is predominantly English. Rex Harrison is a first-rate light comedian. Julie Andrews' face and manner are adorably cameo-like in the manner of the musical-comedy heroines of an earlier and happier period when stage faces had a quality of tinkling romance about them. Stanley Holloway as Doolittle is English musical halls with its homey familiarity.

What makes me enjoy all these players most of all is a quality of *bravery*, a certain professional sturdiness and reliability which is characteristic of the English actor at his best. They are disarmingly impudent, self-confident and modest at the same time. They are entirely immersed in the fine task of being entertaining. They are our humble servants and have a grand time at the job which they have taken pains to learn thoroughly. What they bring to the stage is not their private selves, but a craft which has somehow ennobled them for our pleasure and admiration. The total effect is in the honest sense wholesome. It is strange—but that is how I would finally describe the show.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

YEHUDI MENUHIN was present in Carnegie Hall to speak about the color film of the 1954 Salzburg Festival performance of *Don Giovanni* at its first showing; and he was present in the film itself—first visibly, to introduce it, and from time to time invisibly, to explain what was happening. If Menuhin's public behavior were limited to performances on the violin, comment would limit itself to those performances; since he does not so limit himself, one is obliged to report that in his statements and actions in connection with the film he showed as little sense as in his refusal to join his fellow-artists in their union years ago or in his espousal of the cause of Furtwaengler after the war.

Menuhin spoke of how the medium of celluloid made possible the necessary preservation and dissemination of tradition—the tradition embodied in this performance of *Don Giovanni* conducted by Furtwaengler. And he pointed out that this was not an adaptation of an opera to make a film, but a filming of an opera that left it unchanged to the last note. He said all this about a filmed performance whose occasional excessively slow tempos embodied not tradition but Furtwaengler's personal idiosyncrasy; a performance which omitted both of Don Ottavio's arias, Donna Anna's *Non mi dir*, Donna Elvira's *Mi tradi*, Leporello's *Ah pieta*, and the epilogue. And he was speaking of a performance in which every now and then—sometimes during recitative, but sometimes even in an aria or ensemble—the voice of Menuhin blanketed the music with an explanation of the action which could have been supplied by titles that wouldn't have interfered with the music. Though Menuhin failed to appreciate the outrageousness of these intrusions, the Carnegie Hall audience did not: it hissed each time.

The film offers a beautifully colored reproduction of a performance with Siepi in the title role that is staged skillfully by Herbert Graf on a single permanent set by Clemens Holzmeister. This set is in some ways more effective in the filmed per-

formance than in a live one: the camera, when it frames a section of the set, excludes the rest as it cannot be excluded in a live performance; a change of scene is accomplished by a dissolve from one such framed section to another; even the two indoor scenes are acceptably played on a framed section when the rest of the set is invisible. On the other hand the film brings one close to what is better kept at a distance: Otto Edelmann's hamming as Leporello; the veteran Erna Berger as young Zerlina; the mouthing by several excellent singers—Elisabeth Grummer (Donna Anna), Lisa Della Casa (Donna Elvira), Anton Dermota (Don Ottavio)—whose operation must have been musically and dramatically impressive in the theatre.

I must report that the sound was muffled, except for a few stretches in which it was brighter but badly distorted. It may be that the equipment set up in Carnegie Hall for this

Nation readers are invited to the

51st ANNUAL LUNCHEON of the
League for Industrial Democracy
Saturday, April 14, 1956, 12:30
Hotel Commodore, New York

Subject: THE VITAL ISSUES OF 1956

Participants: LOUIS FISCHER, A. J. HAYES, ARTHUR N. HOLCOMBE, NATHANIEL M. MINKOFF, A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK, Chairman

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Leading Political Scientist

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Friday night, April 13, Saturday morning and afternoon,
April 14

Participants (in addition to above)

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Luncheon tickets, including Round Tables, \$7.00; Admission to each Round Table, 50c; to luncheon speeches at 1:30, \$1.00.

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showing was defective, and that the sound would not have those faults in a properly equipped theatre.

The filmed playing of the overture provides an interesting close-range view of Furtwaengler's conducting, and specifically of his fuzzy beat, which makes it a mystery how the men of the Vienna Philharmonic manage to begin and stay together. Evidently Furtwaengler had whatever else it takes to control and manipulate an orchestra—the specific powers for conducting like Heifetz's for the violin and Horowitz's for the piano. Heifetz and Horowitz have taught us that the gift for playing an instrument is not inevitably associated with taste in the playing of music; Stokowski has demonstrated that this is true also of conducting; and Furtwaengler provided another such demonstration. It has been argued that he was effective only in the nineteenth-century German music with which he was, as a German, able to identify himself; that he exhibited inadequacies in Verdi, in French music, even in Mozart's music with its Italian and French influences, but understood German "music of philosophical conception"—Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms—as few other interpreters ever have, played it "more eloquently, more movingly, more compellingly" than anyone else, and exhibited in his performances of it "a supreme sense of form." But I found it impossible to accept what Beethoven was made to mean by the self-indulgent moment-to-moment vagaries and excesses which ended by destroying all coherence in the works. Only in the amorphous music of Wagner did Furtwaengler operate with a sense for continuity, and therefore with impressive effect; and the complete *Tristan und Isolde* issued by Victor a couple of years ago is for me the monument to his capacities as conductor and musician.

SINCE Victor records are again coming in for review I will add that Flagstad's unbelievable singing, the remarkably beautiful and sensitive singing of Suthaus, the playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra, and Furtwaengler's pacing and shaping make this *Tristan* performance on LHMV-6700 one of the greatest things ever put on records.

Just issued by Victor on three sides of LM-6036 is a performance

of Schubert's *Die Winterreise* by Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore. It is made so distinguished most of the time by Fischer-Dieskau's beautiful voice and sensitive expressive inflection of phrase that it is hard to understand the occasional exaggerated accentuations and crescendos that flaw this performance as they do the earlier *Die schoene Muellerin*. For example, the sudden eruption in the last phrase of *Der Leiermann*, when the exhaustion of this

concluding song should continue to the end. On the fourth side is Schumann's *Liederkreis* cycle Op. 39, of which *Waldesgespraech* suffers from exaggerated pointing up of its drama, but the other songs are sung more effectively than ever before in my experience. I used to like only *Waldesgespraech* and the exquisite *Mondnacht*; this time Fischer-Dieskau has revealed to me the excellence of *Auf einer Burg*, *In der Fremde* and *Zwieliicht*.

Television

Anne W. Langman

LAST MONTH, program managers of some 200 TV stations received a grey cardboard folder imprinted, in stylish hunter green, "*Your Publicity Kit for The Way*." And on to the desks of Methodist pastors came a shiny booklet, "*Pastor's Workbook for local use of The Way*." There were press conferences, newspaper stories, mailings—*The Way* was on the way.

Your Publicity Kit tells us that *The Way* is a series of thirteen half-hour TV dramas produced jointly by the Methodist Church and the National Council of the Churches of Christ at the cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Air time has been donated as a public service by local TV stations all over the country. The neatly mimeographed press release—"Opening Story Number 1"—reveals that the series aims to "tell the story of the gospel of love to both churchgoers and the unchurched."

In the covering letter from the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council the program manager was told that "no religious program ever has had so extensive and creative audience building efforts behind it. . . ." He could scarcely deny this as he ruffled through Feature Story A (headlined "Pioneering spirit, which brought gospel to frontier by circuit riders, now urges church leaders to deliver message via TV"), and Feature Story B which quotes the Reverend Dr. Harry C. Spencer of Nashville as saying, in words which bring to mind a man in a grey suit rather than a black one, "Our first task is to attract the television audience, that is why our program starts with

no credits. We plunge directly into the story and we don't stop for any middle breaks." News stories for each of the thirteen programs, glossy prints, "with captions, suitable for both newspaper distribution and lobby display," and suggested station-break announcements ("Watch this channel for a stirring drama of vengeance or love"; "It's an emotion packed drama—see it tonite"), all of this and more was to be found in the kit.

WHILE the station manager is following "some suggestions for audience building," the Methodist pastor has his work cut out for him in promoting *The Way*. Even if he should borrow his sermons from the preaching and worship ideas suggested for the next thirteen Sundays, he is going to be a mighty busy man. "Do these now," his workbook tells him: "Have Official Board appoint TV Committee. . . . Allocate responsibility for various phases of promotion, utilization and follow-up. . . . Enlist people to pray for *The Way*. . . . Read the Tear-out Idea Sheets. Order extra sets." A suggested letter to church members, window displays, community speaking plans: these activities will keep the pastor's midnight oil burning. "Religioso Huckstering," says *Variety*, "full of Madison Avenue savvy is intended to hypo viewership on the Methodists' \$250,000 thirteen-week vidifilm series *The Way*."

The object of all this excitement is a collection of mild-mannered soap operas with a built-in commercial; but they're not selling soap, they're selling God. The stories con-

cern every-day people with tear-provoking problems. One is about three adolescent boys on the way to a career of crime. Vandalism and violence in the church result in the preacher losing an eye; the baddest boy is killed, the bad boy is resentful and comes to no good, but the good boy rewards the preacher's understanding by embarking on a career as an eye surgeon. Another is about a fellow whose baby was killed in an automobile accident which also put his wife in a wheelchair. When we meet him he is distracted, unhappy, drinking. His career as a lawyer is threatened, his marriage is heading for divorce. Psychiatrists can't help him; wife, father, friends all try and fail. Then the preacher comes to call. Husband is closeted with a bottle in his study; wife and father disconsolate and discouraged in the living room. Preacher convinces wife to forgive her husband, camera shifts to shot of wife in wheel chair next to husband kneeling in front of the empty crib. They are reunited in God's love.

And so it goes—the black is black and the white is white; there is no distinction, no imagination, no feeling for human dignity. It is no better and no worse than thousands of hours of mediocrity on the TV screen. This slick packaged dullness from the canyons of Madison Avenue has made bad products saleable, good products spectacular; it has taken over politics and Presidents. That, presumably, is why the Methodist Church chooses to coat its message in the syrup of *The Way* and to immerse its dignity in publicity kits!

The decision to use TV is understandable: it is a method of communication which cannot be disregarded today. In the field of religion alone, several million dollars were spent last year for radio and TV programs. Billy Graham and Oral Roberts took to the air with their evangelistic rites; Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Bishop Sheen and others have used it to build enormous followings. But the technique which the Methodist Church has chosen for its TV investment is lamentable. Sir Leslie Stephen once said about writings of John Wesley that they went "straight to the mark without one superfluous flourish." It seems incongruous that the denomination he founded, regarded by many today as a stronghold of liberal thought

March 31, 1956

among church groups, should allow itself the vulgarity of hucksterism. Soap opera is not the only available model: *Omnibus* has had a recent brilliant series on the Constitution; and *See It Now* has developed a documentary technique that will capture almost any viewer's thought and imagination. Granting that religion can and should be "sold," surely there are better ways than *The Way*.

TV Forecast

April 1 through 7

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 1

OUTLOOK (NBC). Premiere of a news show which will include network newsmen and mobile units throughout the U. S.; special newfilm and coverage from NBC foreign correspondents. Chet Huntley is editor.

DR. SPOCK (NBC). "Grandmothers" is the subject this time of a discussion between a noted pediatrician and a small group of parents. Part of an unrehearsed series.

Monday, April 2

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (NBC; Producer's Showcase). Starring Katherine Cornell, produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic; the cast will include Anthony Quayle and Nancy Coleman. This is Miss Cornell's TV debut. (Color).

Tuesday, April 3

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH (CBS). A preview of the circus, which opens in New York the next day.

TOMORROW'S CAREER (ABC). Women in radio and television will be discussed by Dorothy Lewis, coordinator of radio and television for the U. N.

A BABY NAMED X (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). An actuality drama drawn from the experience of the Spence Chapin Adoption Service in finding foster parents. John Cameron Swayze is host.

Wednesday, April 4

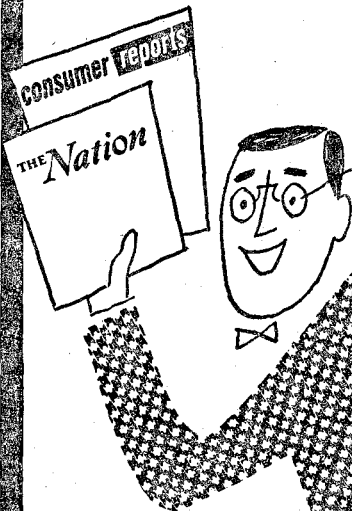
GRETA GARBO (ABC; M-G-M Parade). Scenes from six of her earliest pictures will trace Garbo's career from the time she first came to America. Second installment next week.

Saturday, April 7

TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). A 90-minute comedy with lots of star power: Orson Welles, Betty Grable, Keenan Wynn. Arthur Schwartz produces this adaptation of the Hecht-MacArthur comedy. (Color).

A. W. L.

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Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

Montgomery, General George Kenney et al; also they have been drawn from official testimony before committees of Congress and the weapons-research scientists who have given long service, among them Vannevar Bush, J. R. Killian, A. G. Hill and J. R. Oppenheimer.

Objection is made to my dependence upon those scientific advisors who argued against the "crash program" for the H-bomb in 1949. But besides Oppenheimer, there were James B. Conant and Lee DuBridge, as well as most of the famous physicists assisting the government. And as they urged, one engine of destruction has simply led to another 500 times more destructive (DuBridge). Yet Eisenhower, that old military professional, relies on Dr. DuBridge as his chief scientific advisor today, and upon Dr. Conant also.

Dr. Menzel finds it impossible to believe that our warrior-bureaucrats

and arms manufacturers have welcomed the "permanent defense boom." If so, would they not then welcome the costly ground-to-air defense plan also, he asks? The answer is: they have indeed. The same airframe concerns now being investigated by a House committee for their exorbitant profits on airplanes have been awarded most of the contracts for guided missiles, pilotless planes, "Matadors" and "Nikes."

The estimates given by me for potential effectiveness of improved ground defenses are from the testimony of Dr. A. G. Hill, director of the great Lincoln Laboratory (sponsored by the Defense Department).

Dr. Menzel is cheerfully reconciled to our wasting hundreds of billions—which he holds "inevitable"—and getting no insurance for it. But why should we, as taxpayers, fork out twice as much for our non-insurance as is necessary?

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

New York.

The Lobby That Failed

Dear Sirs: I was dumfounded by the article entitled, The Lobby That Failed: Education Needs a Spokesman. What slightest bit of evidence does Mr. Cox supply to support his assumption that all that is needed to persuade Congress to pass any law is the right kind of lobbyist? Isn't the strength of the opposition a factor? Isn't public opinion important? If lobbyists are, as he seems to think, all-important, why not include in his diatribe Selma Borchartt of the American Federation of Teachers? She used different methods but didn't succeed, either.

Fortunately, Mr. Cox has indicated how he would have handled the situation if he had been in charge. He "would have brought the large state educational associations into his confidence early in the campaign." I don't know how he would have done that and he doesn't tell us

He would have sought the cooperation of the A. F. T. Now, that is an interesting proposal. The federation has a membership less than one-twenty-fifth that of the National Education Association. That its assistance could have been significant is possible, of course, but there is no evidence either that the extra 4 per cent could have made a difference or that the A. F. T. could have cooperated if it had been invited. Wouldn't they have had to check with the A. F. L.?

Mr. Cox would have used mass media extensively. Doubtless both the N. E. A. lobbyists would have liked to do that. Don't mass media cost money? Where would Mr. Cox have got the

vast sum required? All N. E. A. needed was a more effective lobbyist (1) to solve the parochial-school issue and (2) to win over the N. A. M. Oh, come now! CLYDE RUSSELL

Executive Secretary,

Maine Teachers Association

Augusta, Me.

Mr. Cox's Reply

Dear Sirs: The evidence which Mr. Clyde Russell desires in support of all my statements appears in the House and Senate Hearings on Education and Labor (1946-1955), the Congressional Record and in my doctoral dissertation, "Education and Power Groups in America," (1948, Columbia University.)

Mr. Russell's bitter reference to the A. F. T. is unjustified in the light of the fine support given to the public schools over the years by this organization and by the A. F. L. The stark reality still remains that the lack of unity within the teaching profession in the late forties (and today also) was one of the most significant facts preventing the passage of a comprehensive federal aid-for-education bill before the Supreme Court's decision of May, 1954, beclouded the issue.

The failure of the American Association of School Administrators, of which I am sure Mr. Russell is a member, to grapple with public-school integration and the federal-aid problem at their February, 1956, annual convention in Atlantic City is another example in support of my contention that the work of the educational lobbyists has been generally weak and ineffective. The lobbyists actually ran away from the problem.

I would like to remind Mr. Russell that most of the mass media provide a certain amount of free space and time for educational purposes, in accordance with FCC regulations and the traditional practices of those public-service industries. While this opportunity was neglected, some state educational associations are assessing their members to pay for newspaper, radio and television commercials in behalf of state-aid legislation. Mr. Russell might check into these methods by communicating directly with his fellow-lobbyists in the other forty-seven states to increase his understanding in this area—so that Maine might benefit.

Finally, let me say that Mr. Russell was the type of lobbyist in the teaching profession whom I was hoping to arouse when I wrote my article. In that respect I feel my effort has not gone unrewarded.

DONALD W. COX

Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala.



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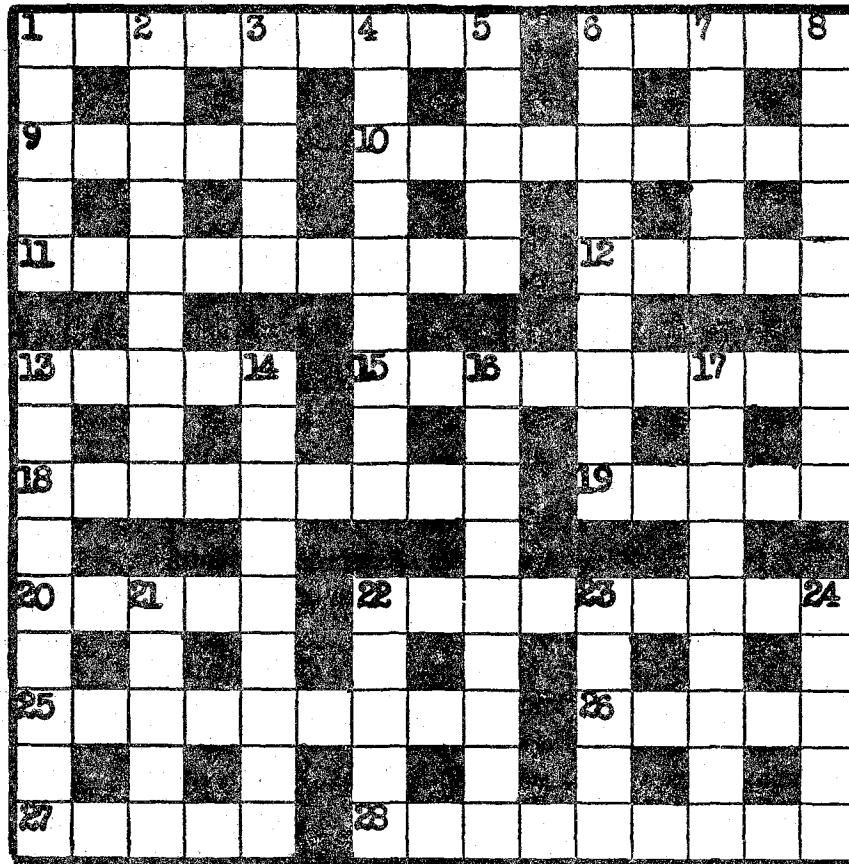
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Crossword Puzzle No. 665

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Humor he and the coterie find dry, or approaching it. (9)
- 6 It comes in for a certain distance, and might win. (5)
- 9 and 24 down One wouldn't expect to find one in the old days, after he had been working. (5,5)
- 10 The party isn't concerned with the hosts! (9)
- 11 and 12 Make a relatively small burnt offering. (They might bring someone home.) (9,5)
- 13 Notice things about it? One interprets character this way. (5)
- 15 Can "Yogi," perhaps, make capital of it? (9)
- 18 Keep a guy from something to 9 with? (9)
- 19 Pass, perhaps. (5)
- 20 Does one sometimes so find the truth, barely? (5)
- 22 Suggests what happens when the red flag is waved at the plant. (9)
- 25 Obviously speech is taken to heart by the counteragent. (A nail is bent around it.) (9)
- 26 The tailor's is iron. (5)
- 27 Dressed if old and worn out. (5)
- 28 Sancho Panza waxed eloquent—(God bless the man who first invented it!) (9)

DOWN

- 1 Wickedness needs to be uprooted! (5)

- 2 Part of the fortification over the soldier or worker, it's clear. (9)
- 3 A feeling of dissatisfaction. (5)
- 4 Involve the wrong type with a bad climate. (9)
- 5 Singable, but pure, on the screen. (5)
- 6 Check over the power and strengthen it. (9)
- 7 Is this animal almost all fur? (5)
- 8 Fight off the nuisance of 2, finally. (9)
- 13 A profuse mixture of tan, red, and dun. (9)
- 14 Placed a foot on each side. (9)
- 16 Stormy little sea, not showing much independence. (9)
- 17 A hole most people might find unpleasant. (9)
- 21 He might want you to think his balance better than it is. (5)
- 22 Well done, is the implication. (5)
- 23 Drives. (5)
- 24 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 466

ACROSS: 1 DRAWBRIDGES; 10 and 14 TRADE WINDS; 11 and 9 PACKAGED; 12 BUCOLIC; 13 ISOLATE; 15 LITERATI; 16 DAMPER; 18 FRAMED; 21 DECANter; 24 GOLIATH; 26 STAFFED; 28 HERE; 29 ARMOR; 30 SAIL. DOWN: 2 RADIO BEAM; 3 and 31 WITHIN A STONE'S THROW; 4 READ; 5 DRESSED; 6 EXPEL; 7 AGOUTI; 8 SCATHE; 17 MANIFESTO 19 ROOTED 20 INERT; 27 IMPS.

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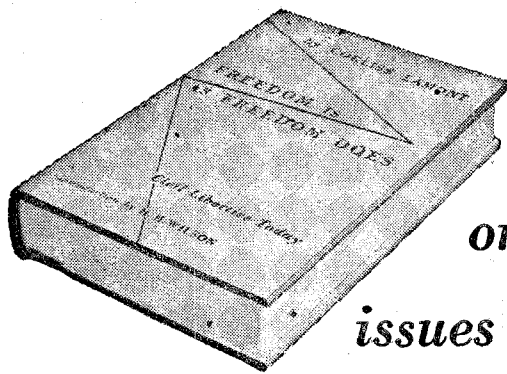
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